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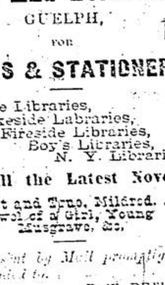
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THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dare not speak,
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldiers' cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah Soldiers! to your honored rest,
Your truth and home bearing;
The bravest and the tenderest—
The loving are the daring!

An Incident of Travel

"All full, sir! Sorry. But I guess you'll manage to stand the next fifty miles!"

Mr. Smith, the spruce young conductor on the Central Railway Cars, ushered in a decrepid, shabby attired old man, who seemed wearily on his staff, and carried a heavy valise in his hand.

The long, dimly lighted car was full; every seat was occupied; hand boxes and carpet bags were held in their owners' laps, and there was not a single chance for the new comer to be accommodated.

A couple of score of faces lifted themselves to glance at the old man's face, as he moved slowly and painfully down the narrow isle. It was plainly evident that he had as much as he could do to support himself, and, besides, he looked like one that was just recovering from a severe illness—his cheeks were thin and pale, his eyes lacked the fire which ought to sparkle beneath those large and strongly marked brows. There were many well, active looking, healthy young men in the car, but not one felt disposed to renounce his soft, comfortable seat to the shabby old traveller. And after a stare of undisguised contempt, each and all dropped their eyes and thought no more of the suffering old age before them. In this enlightened country it is a notorious fact that the aged meet with slights and, inpolitities, to say nothing of positive unkindness, which would have put the barbarous nations of old to shame.

Fitz James Eustace, a young exquisite, who was escorting his cousin, Isabella Winchester, to Nahant, drew down his mouth until the ends of his copper colored moustache rested on the tips of his well starched dickey, and remarked to the lady sitting by his side:

"Really, Mr. Smith is insulting us. Why cannot he find a place for that wretched specimen in the second-class car?"

A flush, perhaps of pride—perhaps of anger—mounted to the white forehead of Miss Winchester. She put up her hand as though to check the speaker, and said in a subdued voice:

"Fitz James, will you give that gentleman your seat?"

"My dear Isabel! Why, I would not evacuate my place by your side for a kingdom! Let the old fellow stand it out. It won't damage his appearance much, I'll be bound!"

"Then I will trouble you to rise a moment. I prefer the other side of the seat. Allow me to pass, if you please."

Fitz James never thought of disputing the will of his imperious cousin, and he stood up to let her get out. But instead of taking the seat which her escort had occupied, the lady walked straight on, until she reached the side of the neglected old gentleman. The touch of her hand on his arm drew his attention toward her.

"Sir, will you have the goodness to take the seat which I have vacated? I have ridden since early this morning and am wearied with sitting so long. Prey oblige me."

The old man's face brightened, and he cast a grateful look into the eyes of the handsome young lady.

"Pat, madam, you must be weary. I cannot accept it."

She made an impatient gesture. Miss Winchester was always accustomed to have her way.

"No, sir; I am well, young and strong. I should be ashamed to sit while a man of your age and health remained standing."

"Thank you! Your Kindness is well timed and not thrown away, I venture to tell you. I shall accept your offer with gratitude."

So saying, the old gentleman sank into the vacant seat with a well satisfied expression of countenance, but Fitz James expressed his unbounded contempt for his neighbor by drawing his ample raglan closely around, and shrinking nearer to the side of the car. The stranger looked at him with quiet scorn.

"You need not trouble yourself to slip through the window, young man," said he, in a voice of irony.

Fitz James was thoroughly disgusted. He could not endure such vulgar propinquity. So he arose quickly, and, striding over his companion, made the best of his way into the smoking car.

Miss Winchester's conduct had been witnessed by all in the carriage, and a dozen seats were offered by a dozen polite and officious young men, but she declined them by a motion of the head, and remained leaning against the side of the vehicle.

The train flew onward—the old gentleman meanwhile disposing himself for a comfortable nap, which he was shortly enjoying. Sometime before mid-night the lights of Boston gleamed through the darkness; another moment and the train thundered into the depot.

Cries of "Hurray for General Sutherton!" "Three cheers for the hero of Mexico!" rent the air. Banners trailed out on the fresh breeze; fanfares flashed, drums beat, and along line of carriages filed slowly up the street.

Fitz James inquired the occasion of all this tumult, and learned that it was a public welcome extended by the citizens of Boston to Gen. Sutherton, a gentleman, a veteran officer, who had signally distinguished himself in the then late Mexican war.

"He came in this train," said bystander. "Is it possible, sir, that you did not discover him? Sickly looking old man, dressed in threadbare grey, and carrying a huge black valise. He has just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which has troubled him ever since his last campaign. Those vile Mexican vapors, and sleeping on the cold ground, undermined his constitution; but he is a fine old fellow, sir."

Miss Winchester thought he must be; she had read much of his gallant daring; but Fitz James was the picture of silent mortification.

Miss Winchester and her cousin stopped at the American House, and early the next morning, before the lady had finished dressing, a servant brought up a note bearing her address. Isabel tore it open, and there fell out two cards of invitation to a ball to be given at the Revere, that evening, in honor of General Sutherton. One card bore the name of Fitz James, the other was directed to Isabel. She had no acquaintances in Boston, consequently the invitation must have been sent in the instance of the General himself.

Fitz James was surprised and humiliated at this mark of distinction, for he could not but realize that the invitation had been extended to him solely to save his cousin's feelings. But, notwithstanding this, he wished to accept it, if only to have an opportunity of excusing his yesterday's impoliteness to the man.

The journey to Nahant was deferred for one day; and early that evening the cousins were at the Revere, where a brilliant coterie had already assembled.

General Sutherton, reclining in an arm-chair at the head of the great drawing room, received his friends as they passed by, one giving place to another; but when Isabel was presented, he detained her hand to say, "Please sit down on this ottoman by my side; I have a relative here to whom I wish to present you."

It was not long before a singularly handsome young man came up to the General, smiling a friendly welcome, and the veteran, turning to Isabel, said:

"Miss Winchester, allow me to present you to my son, Alfred Sutherton, who is very grateful for the kindness which you last evening bestowed upon his father."

The young man bowed and the father continued:

"Whenever I see a young person voluntarily render respect to the aged, I am constrained to advise him or her, as a piece of the good old politeness which reigned over show and heartlessness when I was a lad. It is all hollow ceremony now, my dear; and if the old man cannot stand without assistance, he is thrown down and trodden upon. But there is a march, or my ears deceive me. Alfred, do you need a further hint, or must your cheumatic old father set you an example of courtesy?"

The young man started and colored, for he had been gazing so intently on the rare beauty of Miss Winchester, that he had forgotten time and place.

"If Miss Winchester will permit me," he said, offering his arm—and a moment more, and they were lost in the throng of promenaders.

Mr. Sutherton seemed bent on showing his gratitude to the lady for the kindness she had rendered to his father, for he scarcely quit her side during the evening, and at the close of a week he followed her to Nahant, where he continued for two months the *belle ame* of Fitz James, and an enemy of all the young fops who aspired to the hand and fortune of the beautiful Miss Winchester.

Fitz James Eustace had long been his cousin's suitor, and it was with ill concealed chagrin that he now saw himself thrown into the shade by the son of that "wretched specimen," who ought to have found a place out of decent people's company.

Early in the New Year there was a marriage ceremony performed in the old South Church, and Alfred Sutherton was the groom and Isabel Winchester was the bride. An elegant house on Beacon street received the young couple, for Alfred is engaged in business in Boston, and every year the late old General comes down from his house in B——to visit his children.

So you see that politeness gained a husband for one woman; and it will bring happiness for all, if they all but practice it; for true politeness springs from the heart, and is but the effervescence of a kindly Christian spirit, anxious to promote the well being of, those with whom it comes in contact.

A Novel Bet.

A collier lying on a sick bed saw the clergyman pass the window before coming to his house. Thinking he would be visiting him, he cried to his wife in great haste to bring him the Bible. When the clergyman did call, he was presenting to be reading it with great seriousness.

"I see you are reading the Bible," said the clergyman.

"Yes, taking a lesson, sir," said Geordie.

"I'm you are reading the wrong side down."

"Oh, yes," said Geordie, "I would not give a straw for a man that could not read the Bible either upside down, or downside up."

It happened that Geordie was also a great betting man. During the conversation they began to speak about angels.

"Will you be afraid when you die," said Geordie to the clergyman.

"Oh, yes, I hope so."

"Will I be one also?"

"Yes, if you be good, I think you might."

"Will we both have wings?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

Then Geordie looked seriously into the clergyman's face and said:

"Weel, the first time we meet, I'll fly you for a pound a side."

Friends.

Make friends with none in whom you have not implicit confidence—whom you cannot trust in all places and at all seasons. The best friendship you can make is that which is based on those feelings which spring from the observance of sacred truths. As a man is judged by the company he keeps, it behoves him to exercise great care and judgment in the selection of his associates, and to discard all whom he discovers to be unworthy of his fullest confidence and esteem. But if you have a good friend keep him. Never cast aside your true friends if by any responsibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts, if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy, or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One true friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is unkindness or coolness between us, let us come face to face and have it out; but never permit a friend to slip from your grasp, without at least an effort to retain him.

We must have great merit to be virtuous only in our own eyes.

Cast Bread Rewarded.

The bread on the waters has returned to a young lady in Clippertown, Pennsylvania after a few years. On December 23, 1875, she met, on a railroad train, a lady who was very ill, and she kindly ministered unto her, taking care of her and accompanying her to her place of destination. When they parted the sick woman offered to pay the young lady for her kindness and attention, but she would take nothing. The old woman wrote down the name and address, nodded familiarly to her and said, "You will be paid some day." The young lady never saw her change acquaintance again, but the sum of $30,000 has recently been bequeathed to her. The old woman had no relatives in America, and left all her money to the girl who had befriended her.

A Tough Yarn.

There is a place in Maine so rocky, that when the down easterns plant corn they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grains in with a musket; they can't raise ducks there nohow, for the stones are so thick the ducks can't get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers; and the only way the sheep can get at the sprigs of grass, is by grinding their noses on a grindstone.

That is not a circumstance to a place on the Eastern Shore; the land is so poor, that on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullen stem, and look with tears in their eyes over a fifty acre field; and the humble bees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass; all the mosquitoes died of starvation, and turkey buzzards have to emigrate.

But there is a country in Virginia which can beat that; here the land is so sterile that when the wind is at the Northwest, they have to tie their children to keep them from being blown away; there it takes six frogs to see a man, and when the dogs bark they have to lean against the fences; the horses are so thin that it takes twelve of them to make a shadow; and when they kill a beef they have to hold him up to knock him down.

Well Worth it.

"Can you let me have some money this morning to purchase a new bonnet, my dear?"

"By and by, my love."

"That's what you always say, my love; but how can I buy and buy without money?"

And that brought the money just as one deserves an other. He said it was so successful that she tried again the next week.

"Now, my dear, have you got the money for the bonnet?"

"Well, I could have it. You called me a dear fool night," said her husband.

"Oh, well, dear, you know it was only because you are so fond of bargains."

It hit him just right again, and she got the money, and some extra.

He left his pretty wife and hurried off to business, saying "it takes a fortune to keep such a wife, but its worth it."

A Singular Tradition.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned, and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap in to wash. One obeyed and came out pure and fairer than before; the second remained a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddled, and when bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and he came out dark in color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color gave the black man his first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and, having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus, the third gave the white man pens, ink, and paper, the engine of the mind, the means of mutual mental improvement; the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

Superstition is but the fear of belief; religion is the confidence.

What's that smell of a feeder?

"Feeder."

"Feeder was all Hebrew to me. It was only the call of a journeyman to select on Yonge st. But he didn't take it that way. He was never a printer. He had never robbed nor slugged. He had never even "pied." The hour was 2 p.m., and still no breakfast had looked him in the face. The hinges of the knees threatened to buckle on him. He had never tried scays for his waist, but had for his stomach, and still it asked for its daily bread.

"Wanted a feeder, do ye?" he murmured, as he looked up at the card. "What kind of a lay-out is here? I'm yer man. Hardly think ye'll want me again though." All this while ascending the rear stairs. Once at the top he looked in. There was a waist, a rattle, but not a sniff of cookery. He was shown on sniffs; he had dined and supped on sniffs; he had gone to rest with a surfeit of sniffs; but it was played out now. The place where a "feeder" was so badly wanted is sniffless.

"Well, sir," said a laconic inmate, who gets his regular meals and don't know that he's a favored son of fortune. "Well sir!"

"I understand you want a feeder here," faintly remarked the climber.

"We do."

"Ah!"

"Did you ever feed a press?"

"If the press would just as lief, and could wait, I'd like to press a feed."

"Guess you don't understand the business."

"What business? Feeding? Jis try me on."

"Look at that pile of paper," said the expert. "Could you feed that through the press?"

"And that's all there's in it, eye?"

"That's all."

"Is no darned thin."

"Yes, its this work; But I guess she'll snub them."

"I'd like to be snatched by some vittles mill," said the climber. "Good day; but ye might have made that darned feeder say whether his paper or witches you wanted a feeder for."

Newspaper Business.

An exchange aptly remarks:—We suppose many people think that the newspaper men are just sitting down; let a farmer place himself in a similar business position and see if he would not do the same. Suppose he raised 1,000 bushels of wheat, and his neighbor should come and buy a bushel, and the price was a small matter of only 8c or less, and says, "I will send on the amount in a few days." As the farmer does not want to be small about the matter, he says, "All right," and the devil leaves with the wheat. Another comes in the same way, until the 1,000 bushels of wheat are thrown out to 1,000 different persons and hardly one of the purchasers concerns himself about it, for it is a small amount that he owes farmer, and of course that would not help him any. He does not realize that the farmer has driven away all his large crop of wheat, and that its value is due him in a thousand little driblets, and that he is seriously embarrassed in his business because his debtors treat it as a small matter. But if all would pay him promptly, which they could do as well as not, it would be a very large amount to the farmer, and enable him to carry on his business without difficulty. The above comparison is too true of the difficulties that the newspaper man has to contend with.

A Mistake by Mistake.

One dark night, not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence on a street in one of our cities. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and while deliberating what to do a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, rushed him through the hall, and forced him into the street before he had time to think.

"Heroic Repulse of a Burglar by a Woman" was the way the story was told the next day. But when friends called and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed:

"Good gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar! If I had, I should have been frightened to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk, and I was determined that he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

An organ of the tobacco trade asserts that if the tobacco consumed annually, about 4,000,000,000 pounds, could be made into a rope two inches in diameter it would encircle the world sixty times.

Couldn't find the Light.

One night, during the recent troubles in the Pennsylvania coal regions, Judge Potts' brother Thos. Potts, was found at a meeting of mine owners, and after the adjournment stepped into a tavern. There he met some friends, and in the course of an hour or two he became very much intoxicated. On his way home he lost his hat, and a miner, who knew him, feeling compassion on him, put a miner's hat on his head, and in order to make the dark street lighter, lighted the little lamp in front of the hat. When Potts reached his house Mrs. Potts had gone to bed, and the lights were out; but Potts felt certain that the lamp was burning in the hall, though he couldn't for the life of him tell where it was. He looked at the regular lamp, and that seemed to be out, then he hunted around in every direction, but he couldn't find it, though it seemed to shine brightly wherever he went. Presently he happened to stand in front of the mirror in the hatrack, and there he saw precisely where the lamp was. After a brief abjugation upon Mrs. Potts, for leaving the light in such a preposterous place he went up to the mirror and tried to blow it out. He blew, and blew, and blew, but somehow the flame burned as steadily as ever.

"Thar," said Mr. Potts, "is the moz extraordinary lamp's ever been my misfortune t' encounter."

Then he took off his coat, and holding it in front of him, he crept cautiously up to the mirror and tried to clash the coat down over the light and smother it. He made several ineffectual attempts, and then standing off and regarding the light, which still burned brightly, he said:

"That's ce'tul'y the vext'ordinary—very extraor'nary. Mos' 'stonishin' circumstance ever came under my observation. Dunno how t' account for it."

It occurred to him then that perhaps he might smash the lamp with the umbrella. Seizing the weapon, he swung up to the hat rack and aiming a terrific blow at the light, he brought the umbrella down. He missed, and smashed his Sunday hat into chaos. He took aim again, and caught the umbrella in the hall lamp bringing it down with a crash. He tried a third time, and plunged the ferrule of the umbrella into a mirror, smashing it to atoms. He felt exultant for a moment as the light disappeared from his vision, but he was perplexed to find that there was another light somewhere, he couldn't tell exactly where. So he sat down on the stairs and remarked: "Mos' 'stonishin' circumstanz I ever came across. What in thunder is it mean anyhow! Light's gone, and yet it's shining perfectly incomprehensible. Wish I'd grashus Mrs. Potts'd wake up and explain. Don't I know what I'd better do.

Then Potts took off his hat to scratch his head, in the hope that he might scare up an idea, and then the truth broke upon him. Gazing at the lamp a minute, until he drank in a full conception of the trouble it had caused, he suddenly smashed it on the floor in a rage, and extinguished it, after covering two yards of carpet with grease. The he went to bed, and when in the morning Mrs. Potts informed him that some of those awful miners had broken into the house the night before, and left one of their hats with a lamp which had spilled all over their carpet, Potts turned over in bed, so that she could not see his face, and said if the stern hand of the law was not laid on those ruffians soon, one's life would not be safe.

An assessor remarked the other day in an enquiring tone of mind, with pencil and note book in hand, to an honest and hardy son of toil—"You have a dog haven't you?" The answer was—"My dog is Shot." And the innocent assessor closed his book, and went off satisfied, while the honest (!) ratepayer chuckled in his sleeve, at the smart trick he had played, and afterwards boasted of it. The dogs name was "Shot."

A young man in Forest who had become dissatisfied with his slow acquisition of wealth by patient, honest industry, wished to become rich in some other way. He was to get $10,000 in hogs greenbacks for $100 of Canadian money. He readily and hastily raised the required $400. He got his father to endorse his note for $300, which, with the $100 he had, he paid over to the sharper, taking a receipt for the same. The $10,000 of bogus money was to be on hand in a day or two from his uncle in New York. The parcel arrived, but in place of crisp, new bills, it was a box of sawdust. The moral of this story is quite apparent.

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